

The Peabody Press.

VOL. 22.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1881.

NO. 1.

Professional Cards.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,
Attorney and Councillor-at-Law,
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
Residence Lowell Street, Peabody.

HENRY WARDWELL,
Attorney and Councillor-at-Law,
PEABODY,
And 35 Court St., Boston.

THEODORE M. OSBORNE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
129 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.
Residence, 5 Holten St., Peabody.

CHARLES E. HOAG,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
No. 8 ALLEN'S BLOCK,
PEABODY, MASS.

PIANO and Organ Instruction.
PIANO or ORGAN LESSONS, \$18.00 per quarter.
Use of Pedal Organ for practice, free.
Pupils received from 2 to 8 o'clock, at my Room,
286 ESSEX STREET.
E. V. EMILIO.
Nov 10-11

CLINTON BESSOM,
TEACHER OF THE
Organ and Piano - Forte,
TERMS, \$10 FOR TWENTY LESSONS.
Best of Boston and Salem references given.
Orders left at B. F. Stevens'.
Those desirous of receiving first-class in-
struction at a low figure, will find a good op-
portunity presented.
Residence, Marblehead.
In Peabody, Thursday afternoons.

Business Cards.

F. A. WRUCK,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
195 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, MASS.
Jan 1

GEORGE F. WARD,
Painter, Glazier & Paper-Hanger,
SHOP ON HARDY, NEAR WALLIS STS.
All orders promptly attended to. Jan 1

NEWMAN & SIMONDS,
Dealers in
Family Groceries, Flour & Grain.
HARD WARE AND CROCKERY,
Peabody Square, opposite South Church.
Salem, N. H. Jan 1

L. B. NICHOLS,
AUCTIONEER,
JACOBS STREET, PEABODY, MASS.
Will advertise and sell REAL ESTATE and
PERSONAL PROPERTY for persons wishing
his services. Jan 1-11

PEABODY DRUG STORE,
35 MAIN STREET, PEABODY.

Where will be kept a good assortment of
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Toilet Articles, Perfumery,

FANCY GOODS,
And all articles usually found in a well-ap-
pointed Drug Store.

OFFICE OF THE WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
E. F. PUNCHARD,
FEDERAL ST., SALEM.

Offers a full and choice assortment of HOLIDAY
GOODS, consisting of Ladies', Gents', and Chil-
dren's
PLAIN AND FANCY HATS,
FANCY BOXES,
NECK TIES, LACE FICHUS, RUCHINGS,
NEW PRINTS,
FELT SKIRTS,
CALICO WRAPPERS,
WHITE & COLORED WOOL BLANKETS,
BED COMFORTERS, &c., &c.

The Peabody Press.

1880-1881.

As another New Year has dawned upon us, a thoughtful mind can hardly avoid such reflections as the following: How have we passed the twelve months that have gone to make up the last year? How many of the bright hopes which were formed at the commencement of 1880 have been consummated? How many of our numbers have been taken away by death? And on the contrary, how many generous enterprises have been blessed with great success? How much of national progress and the wholesome result of good laws realized? It is well for us to recall these matters, that we may be able by the experience of the past to improve in the future—that looking on the year just closed we may be able to better live during the one just commenced. If all would adopt this determination and keep it, perhaps much bitterness and sad repentance might be saved; misery and want prevented; and joy and cheerful peace of mind realized.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring in the valiant manhood free,
The larger heart, the tender hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

MR. EDITOR:—We would offer a protest to those who continually seek to refer to Andover Street by the undignified term of "the Coast."

It is a well known fact that two clergymen from two respective Peabody pulpits lately gave out notice of an entertainment to take place in the Chapel on Andover Street.

Then fearing that their congregations might not know where Andover Street was they added as an after thought "more familiarly and generally known as 'the Coast'" or words to that effect. Now it seems to us it is a lamentable fact, if the people of Peabody in general have no clear idea where that locality called Andover Street by that hopeful few is located.

It may appear to a few that this article is needless and uncalled for. But after the "Kingdom" has changed its designation to Lowell Street, and "Garp Lane" has become Central St., and "The Rocks" is now only known by the name of South Peabody, why in the name of goodness, patience and long-suffering, must "the Coast," a term which has the least significance of all the old names referred to, not only this, but while the other names are fast being forgotten this appellation on the contrary is gathering new strength and vigor, what reason we ask is there for keeping up this one of the last surviving relics of barbarism?

We hope the time may not be far away, when ministers and deacons, newspaper men and lawyers, business men and traders, will know where Andover Street is located and "The Coast" shall have passed away and been forgotten.

Very truly, ANDOVER ST.

WALCOTT'S SILO.—Mr. J. G. Walcott desires us to make a correction in the article in our last issue entitled "Farmers in Council," viz.: There were "over 200 tons, and over one-half of this grew on two and one-half acres" (not ten as reported). He says he remembers saying nothing about old Jersey cows giving good quantities of milk by eating this fodder, as he owns none. He did say, however, that Dr. Bailey was feeding 55 lbs. of ensilage and 5 lbs. of cotton seed meal per day to a cow, and it was gaining very fast, averaging 3 lbs. a day. "The cost of cutting and putting feed into the silo, depends on the distance the corn is raised from the building. Ours cost about one dollar per ton—not including the planting."

The efforts of Mr. Atkinson and Miss Ellard were particularly well received, their "Poetical Wooings" affording much amusement.—Boston Post.

Oak street will soon be largely monopolized by coasters, who will find it grand sport speeding down over the well-worn track on their double runners.

Fun at a Funeral.

Apropos of the banquet at the Aborn house, in which both Republicans and Democrats took active part and gave vent to the feeling inspired by the result of the late election, we copy from the *Nonpareil* a speech made by Mr. L. Blake, a young Democrat of Page county, at a Republican jollification meeting held in Clarinda. The good humor, genial wit and happy manner of the speaker warrants its production even at this late date. After a number of Republicans had spoken, Mr. Blake being observed in the audience, was called upon, dragged out and compelled to the following deliverance, which we commend alike for its fun and philosophy to the doleful democracy of Des Moines:

Fellow Citizens:—A man usually attends his own funeral, but it is not expected that he should talk a great deal. I knew the funeral ceremonies would go on without me, so I concluded I would bring the body. [Laughter.] But it takes a great deal of grace to sustain a man who has to furnish the corpse for an occasion like this. [Laughter.] Nobody but a Democrat could do it. It is certain that no one save a Democrat has had a chance to try it for the last twenty years. Disappointment is the modern Democrat's birthright, and mourning his normal condition; they took out a patent on disaster twenty years ago, and it has never been infringed on. The patent run out in 1876 and they have just had it renewed. [Loud Applause.] Looking over the landscape for the last twenty years I behold acres and acres of busted hopes, cords and cords of disgruntled ambitions, barrels and barrels of unavailing tears, oceans and oceans strewn with the wreck of phantom ships once burdened with Democratic delusions. Disappointment is an anchor to the democratic soul both sure and steadfast. [Continued Applause.]

Leaves have one time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all, O Democrat!
Thou hast all time for thine own death.

I might say with Shylock, sufferance, yea, sufferance, is the badge of our tribe. I could give you 329 reasons for that. A lawyer offered a judge sixteen reasons why his client was not in court: first, he was dead. The judge told him he might omit the other fifteen. The first reason of the 329 is that we lacked voters. [Laughter.] You will allow me to omit the other 328. But I could give you more than 329 reasons. Yea, More-y letter. John Kelly did it with his little racket. Wade Hampton's mule broke his leg instead of his neck, and Ben Hill wasn't born a mule. English had foreclosed his mortgages and we couldn't redeem. Then—

'Tis the south that can supply
Solid comforts while we die.

[Loud laughter.] In some states the Greenback party fell through a crack in their platform and crippled us. But Democracy still lives; it's like the mule, it never dies. But unfortunately, like the mule, while it lives it is forever throwing its riders. [Applause.]

It bucked Greeley off and killed him in 1872. Tilden stuck on till he passed under the wire, but there was so much daylight between him and his Democratic quadraped the judges counted him off although he had his feet in the stirrups. This year we got a splendid send off and might have won, but the donkey was stricken down in Indiana with (g) Landers. We close this chapter of history with the hope the story will not be continued in our next. We accept defeat the more cheerfully because of the magnanimous manner with which you take the victory. We take it every four years. It is a standing prescription. It might well be called the quadrennial ipecac. It works up before election and works down as the returns come in. We thank you for the unani-mous way in which you have turned out to our funeral. We congratulate you on the magnificent and imposing grandeur of the obsequies. [Long continued applause.]—*Iowa State Register.*

Mr. Fred A. Ober, of Beverly, will shortly give a series of lectures in the Institute. His subjects will embrace, among others, "Tramps in the Tropics." Mr. Ober is very highly spoken of, and his lectures are said to be very instructive and pleasing.

Watch-Night Services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Friday evening, Dec. 31st, beginning at 9 o'clock, and continuing till 12.

Christmas.

Christmas is becoming every year more generally observed on this side of the "big pond," not only as the great era of Christianity, but as a season of social enjoyment, gifts of friendship, and a general good time all round. Coming on Saturday, our clergymen generally made it their theme on Sunday.

At the South Church there was a Christmas Tree Festival in the vestry on Friday evening, and some three hundred presents given to the children; a valuable line engraving was also given to the pastor's wife, Mrs. Sperry. On the Sunday following Rev. Mr. Sperry delivered a very interesting Christmas sermon, taking his text from the 1st Epistle of John iii., 8: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested." The coming of Christ, he said, was to offset the work of the Devil, who is the author of sin.—Christ's task was to banish delusion and uproot sin. There were no Christian homes then; no brotherhood of men or elevation of women. Infanticide was upheld by law, and educated heathendom presented a scene of brutality. The work of Christ was defined to be the inculcation of truth by love, and love, when containing against sin does not lose itself in hatred. Christmas, concluded the speaker, should be observed and its lessons dwelt upon in Christian homes as an instrument of enforcing and upholding divine truths.

The choir rendered the following selections:

Anthem. "Sing and rejoice." Barnaby.
Hymn. "Hark the glad sound." Schubert.
Carol. "Once in royal David's city." Howard.

Hymn. "Watchman, tell us of the night."
Hymn. "O for a thousand tongues." Hastings.

The choir consisted of the following:
Mrs. Benj. Upton, Soprano.
Mrs. George Upton, Contralto.
Mr. F. W. Stanley, Tenor.
Mr. S. P. Chase, Bass.
Organist, Mr. F. Upton.

Christmas was duly observed by the Unitarian Society. On Christmas eve there was a tree in the ladies' parlor loaded with gifts for young and old. Shadow pantomimes were displayed and a merry time enjoyed. The church was finely decorated with evergreen and handsome mottoes. Over the organ, in rear of pulpit, was an inscription which, with others on each side, read: "Glory to God, Peace on earth, good will to men." On the side walls were "Truth and Love," "Meekness and Patience;" wreaths were tastefully placed, and the whole appearance was attractive.

The following selections were rendered by the choir:

Anthem. "And there were Shepherds." Millard.
Chant. "Hark the glad sound." Walker.
Introit. "Come unto me." Messiah.

Hymn. "Watchman, tell us of the night."
Carol. "Slumber haste on dewy pinions." R. C. W.

Hymn. "Joy to the world."

The choir consisted of the following:
Miss Grace F. Dalton, Soprano.
Mrs. George Upton, Contralto.
Mr. F. W. Stanley, Tenor.
Mr. S. P. Chase, Bass.
Organist, Mr. Frank Upton.

Sunday evening a fine Christmas concert was given by the Sabbath School.

At the Universalist Church, Christmas eve, the members of the Sunday School, with parents and friends, gathered in the vestry, which was prettily and tastefully decorated with wreaths and evergreen. A brief service of singing and recitation was concluded by remarks by the Superintendent, Mr. Merrill. A curtain was raised, disclosing a fire-place, in front of which were two trees laden with gifts. Soon Santa Claus appeared in propria persona, with bells and pipe, clad in fur, with white beard sweeping down on his breast. The hearts of the children and of some of the older people were gladdened by a distribution of the many articles found on the trees, and with merry wishes to each other the gathering ended.

At the Methodist Church two huge Christmas trees laden with substantial gifts, greeted the goodly number who visited the vestry last Friday evening. The vestry was very neatly decorated with evergreen. The early part of the evening was spent in listening to appropriate remarks by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Steele, upon Christmas, and how it was celebrated in former years, after which the presents were given out, occupying the remainder of the evening. Many of the presents were very valuable and of great variety.

Christmas was appropriately observed in St. John's Church. In the forenoon there were three Masses—a High Mass at 6 o'clock, with singing by the sanctuary choir, a children's Mass at 8 o'clock, and a High Mass at 10 o'clock, at which

an eloquent sermon was preached by the pastor on the Nativity of our Saviour. Haydn's Mass was sung by the church choir. The Christmas collection amounted to over \$700.

The services in the Episcopal Church were as usual on Christmas Day. The Rev. Mr. Walker conducted service, with the Holy Eucharist, in the Church in Peabody at 9 A. M.; in Danvers at 11 A. M.

In Peabody, at 3.30 P. M. there was a Christmas tree for the Sabbath School scholars. Both the churches were prettily decorated and congregations good.

A MARKED ADVANCE, in very many respects, is seen in the opening number of the 40th volume of that most popular and useful Journal, the *American Agriculturist*. Besides new large type, easy to read, its careful pages are full of the useful, practical, reliable information, upon in-door and out-door work needed by every family in City, Village and Country. This single number contains over 100 Original Engravings and Sketches of labor-saving, labor-helping devices, etc. Among the Contents are: Valuable Suggestions of and for the Seasons; Starting an Orchard with little Money; Apples for Stock, by Timothy Bunker, Esq.; the New Cuzco Corn; Striking Illustrations of Plant Roots, by Prof. Atwater; Horse Clothing; a Fine Country House costing \$1,600, with plans, details of materials, cost, etc.; American Ponies, illustrated; Noteworthy New American Pea; Home Building; Buck-board Wagon; a score or more of useful devices with illustrations; Exposures of Humbugs, with over 200 names given; Many Household Hints and Suggestions; Ivy grown in-doors for ornament; Simple Bread-making Machine; Illustrations for the Young, etc., etc. Though expensively prepared, the circulation is so large, that the paper is supplied at \$1.50 a year; 15 cents a number. Orange Judd Co., Publishers, New York.

On several occasions we have chronicled instances of rapid production of books both in this country and on the continent. Here is one from across the Atlantic. The firm of J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, received the French copy of Renan's "English Conference" on a Thursday; it was at once placed in the hands of the translator, who had part of the copy ready the next day and the whole of it on the following Monday morning, and Rand, Avery & Co., the printers, had the book set up, stereotyped, printed, and folded ready for the binder on Wednesday; on Thursday at 5 p. m. the edition was ready for the market, and a book of 169 pages, 16mo., the workmanship of which was excellent, was beginning to go out by mail to all parts of the country. Three weeks is usually reckoned quick work for a book of the same size.—*Paper and Printing Trades Journal.*

The American Newspaper is the best index of American life. It is the fairest representatives of the American people. Whoever would form a correct estimation of the spirit, genius and life of Americans must study carefully the various newspapers of our country. Our weakness and our strength, our virtues and our vices, our thoughts and our opinions, our politics and our trade, our push and our pride, our creeds, custom and civilization, are all imaged in our innumerable periodicals. The American newspaper press has no rival on earth in the volume and variety of its issues.—*Dr. Gregory.*

The New York Herald, we are told, uses over a thousand miles of white paper, five feet and three inches wide, per week. A country publisher in Indiana, having seen this statement, sat down to figure out how long it would take him to use up that much paper, with his regular circulation. On ascertaining that he couldn't do it in less than 369 years and seven months, he advertised his office for sale. He said there was no use in trying to compete with those New York dailies.

Some art publishers East have sent us a proposition to advertise and take pay in pictures, one of which is describing as follows: "In the midst of a broad and beautiful landscape is a cottage. A rustic maid has gone forth for a pitcher of water. She stands before you wrapped entirely in her own thoughts and meditations." That will do, stop the deal. That costume is too cool for this climate, and we pass.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Now then make out your bills.

PEABODY.

A Happy New Year to our patrons.

The afternoons have begun to lengthen. Mr. W. A. Smith has added to his numerous pets a parrot.

We hope the stable keepers will stand some show this time.

Sleighing is good, and horses are cheap, but hay is \$20 a ton.

Turkey raffles continue to be the attraction at some of the saloons.

Skating was good, and every one seemed to enjoy it on Christmas Day.

1881.—Mother Shipton says: The world to an end shall come in 1881.

The time for smuggling suspicious looking bundles into the house is about over.

Thursday, Jan. 6th, "A Poetical Wooing." It makes one laugh till he cries. Another hit.

Friendship, Love and Truth are the names of the three new degrees of the I. O. O. F.

Remember it is judicious advertising that "is the keystone to success." Don't advertise foolishly.

"In the morning by the bright light"—our compositors looking at the eclipse at 8 o'clock Friday morning.

We are pleased to learn that the new master at the Center School is making a very favorable impression.

We heard it remarked that Sawyer displays his genius as an artist every time he arranges his show windows.

Evergreen in the shape of stars, crosses, wreaths, anchors, etc., adorns the windows of many of our homes.

Mr. John P. Peabody is offering to every customer who purchases a dollar's worth of goods a new wax doll.

The services of Marks & Upton's Quadrille Band will be brought into requisition for the coming G. A. R. Fair.

Extra copies of the Press, in wrappers ready for mailing, for sale for 5 cents each, by the Peabody News Company.

There were quite a number of strangers in town spending Christmas. We don't know of a pleasanter place than Peabody.

As a matter of news and for the information of our readers, we wish to intimate that the Press feels a little "proud" to-day.

Some people who had to pay high for their coal are deriving some consolation from the fact that ice will be cheap next summer.

The authorities won't interfere with the coasting on Oak and Franklin streets as long as the boys will keep out of the other public ways.

The young rogues who make a disturbance at the entertainments at the Institute should be suppressed. Their conduct has become a positive nuisance.

The stores were thronged; the salesmen were busy all day long; the receipts footed up in large figures. Such is the verdict of the Press advertisers on the holiday trade.

The Sun says: "When cows have learned to read, and horses appreciate dry goods, it will pay some enterprising firm to advertise itself on rocks, trees and fence boards."

The weather prophet who predicted eleven feet of snow intended we should begin at a given point and measure off eleven feet. That is the only way to get that amount of snow.

This week begins the twenty-second volume of the Press. If it receives the liberal patronage in the future that it has in the past, it is destined to live twenty-two years more.

The Salem Gazette and Lawrence American both issue Almanacs as supplements this week, which are exceedingly neat and attractive, and reflect credit on their workmanship and enterprise.

The Lowell railroad last week put on two new engines, the Express of 42 tons, and the Conroy, a 10-Wheeler of nearly 50 tons, both for freight. The Conroy is the heaviest engine ever on the road.

Owing to a press of business we reluctantly declined an invitation to take a sleigh ride yesterday. We hope the gentleman will drive that pair of blacks around again some day, when we have more leisure.

If there is anything that will cure a man of the idea that he is a superior being, it is to be caught down town without his overcoat by a biting east wind and to have his wife, warmly wrapped in seal-skin, come in to walk home with him.

At St. John's Church, next Sunday, Vespers will be held in the evening at 7.30 o'clock, at which an able sermon will be delivered by an eloquent preacher. After the services the annual election of officers of the Holy Name Society will take place.

SALEM.

SALEM ORATORIO CONCERT.—Handel's "Messiah" usually called the Christmas Oratorio, will be performed by the Salem Oratorio Society, in the First Baptist Church, in that city, the use of which has been kindly offered them, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th, with the assistance of soloists from at home and abroad. In regard to the rendering of this work little need be said, each of the five performances given by the society furnishing proof enough to warrant us in saying that a very fine performance can be expected at its next concert. Tickets have been placed at the low price of fifty cents, with no reserved seats. It is certain that the Oratorio Society are doing a good work in Salem as an educational agency in the department of aesthetic culture as well as in the promotion of other interests of a beneficial nature, and therefore deserves not only the approval of, but the liberal support and encouragement due from the public and which we trust will always be shown. The soloists who are to assist at this performance are as follows:—Mrs. E. R. Bigelow, Miss G. F. Dalton, Mrs. C. B. Fowler, Miss A. P. Pitman, Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. C. E. Hay.

At the South Church, Salem, on Sunday, an elegant floral cross was suspended in front of the pulpit, which was tastefully decorated with smilax, studded with rosebuds, carnations, violets, etc. The cross was three feet in length, composed of camellias, rare roses, carnations, bouvardia, ferns, etc. In the centre was [the letter "M," composed of] violets on a ground work of carnations. The whole was in memoriam of Mrs. Lizzie, wife of Dudley A. Massey, of Danvers, who was buried from this church on February last. After the services the flowers were distributed among the sick and needy of the parish by the pastor.

The next Sociable of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry will take place at Armory Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, 1881. The Gloucester Light Infantry, Co. G, 8th Reg. will be present. This will be a uniform party, dancing from 8 till 2.

T. J. Hutchinson & Son, job printers, 237 Essex street, Salem, have issued a very neat and attractive Almanac, for gratuitous distribution, finely illustrated, and containing many fine selections, as well as the advertisements of a number of business houses. The book is neatly printed, and quite creditable.

Pickering, the hatter, 200 Essex street, has had an immense trade in furs, silk handkerchiefs, etc., and the rush still continues. Remember the store, 200 Essex street.

The Philadelphia Candy Store, 224 Essex street, Salem, maintains its high reputation for pure confectionery. Mr. Foster makes from the best stock, and his candies are fresh every day. Very few of our people go to Salem without giving him a call.

John P. Peabody presented each inmate of the Old Ladies' Home and the orphan asylum with Christmas gifts.

The Essex House in Salem is now one of the most popular hostleries in this part of New England. The new proprietors, Messrs. Davis & Fay, are the most genial of gentlemen, and, in our opinion, the most affable men who ever stood behind a hotel desk.

It must be confessed that the building of a stable far twenty horses on the top of a private mansion, access to which is obtained by means of a lift, is calculated to awaken a feeling of astonishment even in these days of marvels.—Yet this is the case on a house just erected in Belgrave square, London, by Mr. Sassoon. Ground is very valuable in that fashionable part of London, and by relegating the horses to the top of the house two birds are killed with one stone, for space is saved and the smell of the stables avoided. The horses do not seem by any means to object to the mode of ascent; possibly they are unconscious of it on account of the closed shutters of the lift.

We have been requested to publish the following statement:—

"The sad death of Mr. John C. Allen, late of No. Reading, and for many years in our employ, having called forth many comments against us, and as many utterly false reports are in circulation, prejudicial to our interests we make this statement, and ask a suspension of public opinion until an investigation, now in progress, can be completed. We court the fullest inquiry into all the facts bearing upon our connection with this sad affair, fully assured that by the testimony of honorable and disinterested persons we can prove ourselves blameless. We ask the public to wait. When the investigation is complete all the facts will be given to the press."
H. A. URRON.
No. Reading, Dec. 28, 1880.

Poet's Corner.

Longing.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of all myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.
Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down our wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must open the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving,
We quench it that we may be still,
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons.
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
How e'er we fail in action.

Our Christmas Tree.

The following lines were composed for the "Christmas Tree" at the South Church too late for presentation.

Come, take dear Christmas by the hand
And merry let us be;
Come all, a merry, merry band
Around "Our Christmas Tree."

"Our Christmas Tree" is "Evergreen,"

With gifts its boughs are hung:
Of various kinds, as will be seen
When opened by the young.

What is "Christmas," do you say?
And Echo answers, "What?"
It was on this blessed day,
Salvation's precious gift was brought.

Jesus, our Saviour, in manger born,
(There was no room within the "Inn.")
E'er may his love our souls adorn,
He came to save us from our sin.

Our hearts are fill'd with joy and cheer,
To view "Our beauteous Christmas Tree."
We'll hie away—our friends appear,
To give to you and me.

L. G.

Selected Story.

SAVED BY A SPIDER.

Reader, follow us into a small apartment on the fifth story, situated in one of the side streets near the Luxembourg. It is fatiguing to mount so many stone stairs; but we reach our destination at last, and, without waiting to be announced, let us enter.

It is a small apartment, consisting of three pieces—a salon, a bedroom, a kitchen and offices. The bedroom is to the left of the salon, and the kitchen opposite. It is a compact little apartment, neatly furnished and well cared for. The rooms are not too small for health, and large enough for the comfort of the two occupants. In the salon one or two cabinets show an attempt at elegance. Books abound all over the room; hidden away here under tables, there standing erect on book shelves; but the most distinctive feature is an escritoire covered with papers, books and writing materials. In the center stands a large round table, covered with a tapestry cloth. It is here the meals are served when Monsieur and Madame receive company, otherwise they use the kitchen to dine in every day. As they employ a regular servant, Madame finds this much more convenient in every respect. It is a neat little kitchen, with a table in the middle, large enough for their wants alone. The rest of the apartment is resplendent with shining pots and pans, and all culinary requisites.

But to return to the salon and its occupants, Monsieur and Madame are both in there at present. He is seated at his escritoire, thinking deeply; it seems; he holds his pen poised in one hand, while his head is supported, with its weight of thought, on the other. Madame is sitting by the window working. They have their backs to each other. It is four o'clock in the afternoon; a September sun is lighting up the room with oblique rays, casting a cheerful glow athwart this silent couple, as if charged with a daily entreaty that they would be sociable. But they heed not the message. Morning, noon and night they spend in the close companionship of husband and wife, and yet heaven and earth are not further apart! The relationship under these circumstances is terrible, to one of them at last; and Monsieur, there leaning his head on his hand, is meditating on it silently, acutely.

When he rises from his desk, which he does presently, we see him. He is about thirty-eight years old; tall, dark, handsome, spectacled, and mustached. As difficult a man to understand as to

live happily with, we should say; so cold and taciturn, always buried in thought more or less; and Madame, sitting at the window, makes no sign of complaint. She is accustomed to the silence, and cares not to speak, except to ask him indifferently, as he takes his hat and some books, before going out, "When will you return?"

"At the usual hour," is his laconic reply; and he leaves the room.

Her face wears no aspect of regret after he has gone; she does not seem to mind his coldness, but continues her work with stolid indifference. She is a large woman, ten years her husband's senior and might pass for his mother. Although in her youth she was not ill-looking by any means, she has now but few remains of beauty left. She is stout and elderly, and wears the matter-of-fact look suggested by a stone that, to our minds, never seems to have asked a question of any power of nature as to why it is, where it is. It is a stone, and there it lies, without even desiring to be kicked on a little farther. So it seems with Madame. She is there; a part of her apartment. She has been married to Monsieur fifteen years. Once she had been young, but that was so long ago. She has forgotten all about it, and there are no children about her to renew the recollection. She had brought Monsieur a very fair dot. He was only a poor student when she married him. Their parents had arranged the marriage, and they had acquiesced. Monsieur is now a professor, and a great student, living wholly in his books; Madame, in her home and her economies, like the good wife that she is. They visit, and are visited in return. They have walked together, eaten together, dwelt together for years in an indissoluble companionship, and yet—as we have before remarked—heaven and earth are not farther apart.

"Grand Dieu! Insupportable!" now exclaims one of them.

It is Monsieur, who on his way down stairs allows this groan to escape him.

But, ungrateful man that he is, what possible fault can he have to find with Madame, his good wife? Does she not sew for him, cook for him, economize for him? His home is well cared for, his substance is not wasted. Is she not virtuous and respectable herself?

Yes, she is all this, he must own. And yet, *mon Dieu!* how insupportable is life with her!

Fifteen years had he borne it; silently, uncomplainingly, a dead life of unsympathetic routine with a woman against whom no one could justly bring a single charge of neglected duty. When he was sick, did she not nurse him night and day? Did she not give her money to aid in his support? Did she not, when he was only a poor student marry him? And what return had he made for all this? Acceptance and resignation hitherto. But now there was an upheaval of feeling at work within him that pretended a volcanic crisis. Slow, silent natures that never complain can endure intensely up to a certain point; but when the fire of necessity asserts itself in them it bursts forth into flames that lay all around in ruins.

He runs down the stairs rapidly, as if anxious to gain time, and is soon in the gardens of the Luxembourg, gay at this hour with troops of children and pedestrians.

Presently his eye brightens and his pace quickens as he catches sight of a young widow lady holding a little boy by the hand. The child is entreating his mother to stop, that he may watch a man who is feeding a multitude of sparrows, which he has drilled to come at his call.

She yields readily, and it is while standing there among a group of lookers-on that Monsieur joins her.

She greets him with a smile and a look that tell their own tale, and brings the quick color to his pale, care-worn cheeks. Ah! yes, she loves him—she feels it; he knows it; and she is a widow—and free! while he is still in the grip of a bondage worse to him than death.

Poor Marie, standing there with her little boy watching the sparrows, she, too, has had her tragedy. With what filial obedience did she marry the wealthy old man her parents sold her to, as soon as she had left school, where she had first known Monsieur, who had been her professor. "And now she is free. Free to love as nature and her heart dictate. It is pleasant to see Monsieur every day. She has known him for so long! It has been such an old affair between them—when she was a girl and he her professor. He was not indifferent to her then, she thinks, and he loves her now!" With love's unfailing instinct, she knows he does—and—ah!—how she loves him! And why not? She is free. Selfish egotist! She forgets poor Madame yonder, sitting calmly at her work by the window. What avails her freedom while Madame exists?

"Grand Dieu! Insupportable!" again groans Monsieur, as he approaches her. Not even the joy of seeing her can make him forget his chains—while the old man, her husband, was living

he had borne the burden in silence, and the pain grew dull, unrefreshed by her presence; life became mechanical at last; but when the old man died his torments awoke, and the whole burden of his pain found constant outlet in that one cry of "Grand Dieu! Insupportable!"

He remains talking to Marie for a quarter of an hour. It seems hard to recognize in this passionate, voluble speaker the cold and silent man of the apartment. There he was dead; here he is alive with the whole force of his being. It is the absence and presence of love in either case that has wrought the miracle.

And Marie, how tender and bewitching she looks, as she listens to him! She thinks she is doing no wrong, for she calls him *Mon Ami*, that refuge of so many wrecked hearts, who fly to the harbor of "friendship" to shelter their love-laden argosies. And to Marie justice, she is sincere. She has no wish to wrong any one; her affection—never steps across the threshold of impropriety; never for an instant; he is her old friend. She dresses up her love in the garb of friendship, and embraces it as *Mon Ami*. She even shows it to her confessor in that dress; and is satisfied because he blessed it also.

And he listens to her sweet *Mon Ami* uttered in a voice so tender and penetrating that it maddens him. "How little it would take to convert the world into one far dearer," he thinks.

"Adieu, Marie," and he shakes her hand quickly, passionately, leaving her abruptly as the thought crosses him.

"*Mon Ami*, why do you go so soon?" she asks, pleadingly.

"Adieu, adieu!" is all he can reply, for devils are pursuing him, as she repeats the word. For a moment he listens to their tempting suggestions. Let us, too, mark what they are saying as they riot through his blood and brain.

"Life is insupportable," they whisper; "why should it be so when a little—so very little—can alter everything? Marie loves you? Ought you allow her to suffer? Were it only yourself, what would it matter? You are a man and must endure; besides, have you not already proved yourself? Have you not borne calmly and honestly the weight of the dreadful years that are gone, when the old man was her husband, and she was lost to you? But now she is free, and although for a little while she will bear up bravely, still, life cannot go on from day to day without bringing her to some agony born of sad separation; why let her suffer this when a little—so very little can save her?"

"Heaven have mercy on me!" cried the distracted man, agitated at the suggestion, which he strives to repel; but thoughts, once born into life, battle stoutly for existence, and grapple fiercely with heart and brain until they gain recognition, if not acceptance.

"So little—so very little," they whisper, "and skillfully managed; then Marie would be yours, and if you risk anything, you will feel, at least, that you have earned and proved your love, by sacrificing your soul to save her from a life of pain or dishonor."

"Diable! spare me!" cries the man again, striving in vain to shake off the horror left on his mind by these seductive reasoners. But they are not to be dismissed.

"And your life now, what is it? Not a marriage, surely, such as God loves. No, it is a hollow, harsh life, an unnatural bondage. Think of the long slow years that have passed; can you live through as many to come? No—thrice no. What, then, will you end your life and leave Marie? impossible! Then how escape—ah! how? A very little would do it. Here—do you see that shop; it is full of drugs—yes, call them drugs, you—a professor, skilled in all kinds of science—what is easier for you than to use your knowledge, and defy detection? It is only the clumsy bungler who is discovered, but you—you are capable of controlling events to serve your own purpose. Risks—yes—in everything there is risk; you risk your life every time you walk a street; you may be run over, you may—bah! a thousand things may happen, and is not your freedom and Marie's happiness worth a hundred such risks? Chut! Quailish, are you about taking a life? Why, you are doing a fellow-creature a service to send him or her to heaven speedily! ha, ha, ha!"

"*Mon Dieu!* save my reason!" moans the miserable man, awakened from his hideous reverie by the sound of his own low chuckling laugh; and recoiling in horror from the spectacle of meditated murder, that the demon of his imagination holds before his brain with a mocking irony.

Ah! he has passed the shop where the drugs are sold. Yes—he is safe. He has not gone in, he thinks, looking back to make sure of himself. Yes—he has passed it, but the temptation is not over, for there are more shops. Every day he must pass them. Will he in the end resist or yield? For every day these

thoughts will come, and at last the devils will overmaster him and have him in possession. Impossible! And yet—Marie! So little. What shall he do? Ah! what shall he do?

And he stands for a moment appalled by the consciousness that demons are fighting within him, hungering for the possession of his heart, his brain, his will. He watches the combat. He sees the fate that is due if he listens to them. He feels the executioner taking his life. It is a short agony—He is gone—where?

"Fools—thou art in the streets of Paris," laugh the demons or his own heart. He cannot discern which.

"What is the use of your brain, your intellect, if destiny is to make a sport of you and toss you on the horns of circumstances? It is only blunderers who wait upon fate. If you are able to defy it and thrust aside the weight that threatens not only to suffocate you, but the woman who loves you, then, man or slave that you are, you are not fit to live, and death is your fitting destiny. Bah! one would think you were called upon to shed blood! Blood! who wants to shed blood? Macbeth was worse than a criminal in this, for he was a blunderer. Had you been there it is not with knives you would have put poor old King Duncan out of his life into a better; a better, mark—why, that alone is a service. Knives—who but a fool would use them unless to proclaim the folly of their owners? The Borgias and Medici knew better than this; when living impediments stood in their way no bloody victim, ghastly and hideous, was suffered to bear witness against them publicly. But the impediments caused to exist nevertheless—died, of course, from natural causes, in a decent manner, and were piously buried with funeral honors. Natural causes! Science and skill can compass them surely. If even in an unnatural manner; but then so little does it—so very little—and judiciously administered, we, the verdict on all sides would be, "Natural causes."

The words charm him. He keeps repeating them over and over in his brain, as though they possessed a sponge-like property that could absorb the evil from his intentions, and convert a meditative crime into a freak of nature. They soothe and fascinate him.

Natural causes! He fondles the words again and again. He will not part from them. They enclose so many darling possibilities that they become at length the angels of his freedom and the messengers of his love to Marie. What joy they will carry her! What a long life of happiness lies bound up in them! The mocking demons are gone, so it seems to him. But the sly traitors are still in ambush, laughing at their victim because he cannot recognize them in their changed dress as angels of light.

He is almost in good spirits when he returns to Madame, his wife, in the evening. She had prepared a savory dinner for him, of which he partakes, and to-night seasons their usually silent meal with conversation. Madame listens, but pays no attention to the change from a sentimental point of view. Silent or talkative, he is the same to her—her husband—whom she has married to cook and mend and economize for. She does her duty—he does his. He earns money for the house, which she lays out judiciously.

Nothing more is required, and Madame is at all times personally indifferent to the trivial signs of change of manner. Glad or sorrow are terms that can soon lose their meaning for many. When Monsieur talks, she listens; when he is silent, she is not disturbed; in fact, Madame is an excellent wife. What more could desired?

This evening, as on every other, as soon as Monsieur has finished his dinner, he goes into the salon, while Madame remains to clear the table, and leave the kitchen ready for the concierge's wife, who comes each day to clean and scour.

A week passed by. Madame still goes on with her routine of duty. Each afternoon finds her in her accustomed seat by the window, when not tempted out by the exigencies of society. On one evening in every week she receives. She sits now thinking over yesterday's reception, when Monsieur had entertained some fellow-professors, and they had talked learnedly together, while Madame was listening to their wives. It interests her to remember what this one said, what that one wore. But in the midst of this indulgence she recollects Monsieur's dinner, and she goes into the kitchen to prepare for her husband's return. Presently she hears his footsteps on the stairs and hurries with her preparation.

He comes up slowly, calmly, like one tired. On reaching the top he goes into the kitchen.

His wife is in the act of pouring out the soup into two separate basins standing ready on the table to receive it. So far as she can be surprised she now is so, to see Monsieur come in to dinner before she has summoned him. Such is not his habit. He is looking pale.

"What is it?" she asks.

"I have torn my coat," he answered

gravely. "I must, I find, go out immediately after dinner. Will you do me the kindness to mend it for me?" (Monsieur is always courteous to Madame.) "Here, I will pour out the soup for you. Allow me."

He takes the saucer from her hand, and gives her his coat, which he has thrown off while speaking.

"As you will," replies Madame, receiving the coat. "It is a long affair? If so, cover up the soup after you have poured it in the basins. You will find the covers on yonder shelf."

"Yes, it will take some few minutes to repair; but, never mind, I will wait and keep your soup warm."

Madame then leaves the kitchen. The coat is over her arm, and she carries it into the salon, where stands her basket of cottons and needles. It is an ugly tear, and takes her quite ten minutes to mend.

Meanwhile Monsieur is not idle. He pours the soup into the basins, and puts them into their respective places. Then he goes to the shelf Madame has indicated, and finds the covers, which he at once made use of. It is evident he is not accustomed to the minor details of the table, for he forgets to pass a cloth over the covers, which are dusty from lying several days in a dark cupboard. But what of this? It is only a trifle after all. It would have been better had the covers been dusted, but Monsieur has overlooked them, and hurried them on the basins as he takes them from the shelf. Then all is ready, and he waits.

Let us look at him while he is waiting.

He stands by the window gazing out on the sky, and every now and then he casts a furtive glance toward the table. Yes, there they stand—the two basins—one for Madame, one for himself. He does not shudder—no—he is calm and white and wan; standing there by the window he looks as motionless as an upright corpse. The sound of Madame's needle cannot be heard, for it is running in and out on the soft cloth noiselessly. Still, now and again he gives a convulsive start. Is she coming? Is that she? And the cold beads of sweat start to his forehead as he turns. No—she still is sewing. Will eternity ever be so long as those awful waiting moments? The stillness is alive or is he dead—which?

"Here is your coat. It was an ugly tear," said Madame, coming in at last, "but I have done it well. No one will know."

"Thanks, a thousand times," And he advances toward her, takes it from her hand, and puts it on. Then mechanically he takes his place at the table. Madame is already seated. She begins to uncover her soup, when Monsieur, as pale as death, rises, saying:—

"Excuse me! I will return presently; I have forgotten something; an important memorandum I have to make. Continue your soup without me, I will return immediately."

Madame makes no objection. Monsieur is always courteous. She is accustomed to this and she begs him to go.

All this time she has not touched her soup; she has been attending to him while he was speaking. As soon as he is gone, she looks down, and the light falls upon the cover, which is supported against the side of the basin.

"Tiens! how careless! How disgusting!" she exclaims. Excellent housewife as she is, she revolts at dirt. But now she shudders. "*Mon Dieu!*" a spider! of all things I loathe a spider," thinks Madame. There is a reason, too, for this, they affect her physically and make her sick. She cannot eat her soup, for the spider has crawled on the edge of her basin. How tiresome! and she is hungry. *Vite!* her husband has no such fancies—she will change basins with him. The spider has crawled away. Not for worlds could she kill it. It has gone, and she has changed basins with her husband, and now she can enjoy her soup.

She eats slowly, silently, dipping her bread into the liquid now and again, and then she finishes it. Still her husband had not returned. But she never questions Monsieur's movements; when he has written his memorandum he will return. Meanwhile, his soup is covered up and kept warm for him; Madame, moreover, has taken the precaution to wipe the cover; he will not be disgusted by the unsightly dust of spiders—ouf!

This is Madame's thought as she wipes her mouth with her *serviette*. She can wait now, having satisfied her hunger, until Monsieur's return before serving up the second course. She leans back in her chair, stolid and comfortable, and then Monsieur walks in.

He is very calm. He does not look at his wife, but takes his seat at a table, and removing the covers begins to eat.

"It is good—the soup," says Madame, throwing out a remark, "and very reviving; I was hungry."

He does not answer, but drinks spoonful after spoonful, not slowly and leisurely, as Madame had done, but hurriedly, as though the time spent in writing his memorandum had to be made good by fast eating. It does not take

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him long to finish his soup. A very few minutes sees it all consumed, and his basin is as empty as Madame's.

When all is gone, he rises again from the table.

"What! won't you wait for the *bouillabaisse*?" says Madame, who rises also to take the meat from the pot and dish it up.

"No thank you," he answers; "I cannot eat any more. I must go. Finish without me."

He returns to the salon to fetch his hat, not daring to look behind him as he leaves the kitchen, where Madame is busy with her meat. His hat is on the table, and he goes over to fetch it; but why is it he cannot put it on his head and go? He stands there rooted apparently to the ground, fascinated by some influence impossible to withstand, that compels him to watch and listen and wait.

What is he waiting for? A cry, perhaps—or what?

But all is silent. Madame is eating her meat, slowly enjoying it; the only sound that reaches him through the half-open doors is the occasional click of her knife and fork against the plate, or when the bottle from which she pours her wine jingles against the glass.

How he listens! All his senses seem preternaturally strained in the endeavor to catch some sound from within. But none comes. "Why should it? Fool! It is too soon! Natural causes don't work thus suddenly!" he thinks, wrenching his feet by an effort away from the spot to which they appear to have been chained. He will go out now, but he must not forget some cigarettes. And he delays again while searching for the materials to make one.

Madame has finished her dinner by this time, and having cleared away as usual, she leaves everything in readiness for the concierge's wife the next morning and returns to the salon.

It has been growing dusk the last quarter of an hour, and Madame lights the lamp. She thinks Monsieur has gone out, and utters a mild exclamation of surprise to find him still in the salon, where he has been sitting for the last ten minutes, still pursued by a spell that forbids him to leave the room.

After finding his smoking materials, he had flung himself into a seat where Madame finds him.

He starts up on seeing her enter with the lamp, and excuses himself.

"I was so very tired that I sat down for a moment, and forgot how time goes."

"You work your brain too much," says Madame, placidly. "You have eaten nothing but the soup—you took no wine. You will grow ill if you fail to supply the stomach with sufficient nourishment. Let me fetch you some wine." Then Madame puts down the lamp on the table and sees him.

"Your face! What pallor! You are ill! Speak—say, what is the matter?" she exclaims, shaken out of her stolidity by his terrible appearance—for he is staring at her with a ghastly stare—and his face is convulsed with horror.

She hurries into the kitchen to bring him wine; holds it to his lips and unresistingly he swallows it.

"You are not fit to go out," admonishes Madame. "Rest quietly. I shall have you laid up ill for days if you

work your brain any more to-day. Sit where you are. To-morrow you will be better."

He obeys her. He feels powerless to assert his will any longer. He is conscious of a gnawing, sinking and sickness that prostrates him, and he yields to her command—and watches her.

Her calmness now returns. Monsieur is subject to occasional fits of cerebral excitement when he has been much overworked. She has nursed him through more than one attack. Quiet is what he needs, and nothing more is requisite. She takes a chair and draws it to the table, to be near the lamp, for she wants to work. The light falls upon her face, throwing out every feature, every movement, distinctly. Monsieur, in the shadow, sits like one fascinated; he cannot take his eyes off her—and watches her. Thus two hours pass away.

"Time flies so fast when one is occupied," thinks Madame, as the clock strikes nine. Monsieur has closed his eyes at last, overpowered by the mesmeric pendulum of Madame's needle.

She looks up at him, and thinks it were time he were in bed. Putting away her work, she goes to him, and touching him lightly on the arm, says: "You will be better in bed. Let me assist you."

He opens his eyes vacantly; then they grow wild. He struggles to lift himself up to a standing posture, but in the endeavor to do so he falls forward with a groan, and lies collapsed with agony.

Madame is in a fright, for this is a phase of Monsieur's malady she has not witnessed. When she tries to raise him he is rigid; and she summons the concierge's wife to her assistance.

"*Vite—run!*" she exclaims. "My husband has fallen in a fit! Fetch the doctor at once!"

The concierge's wife sends her husband, and returns to help Madame. Between them they manage to carry Monsieur into the adjoining bedroom and put him into the bed, where he lies writhing and groaning until the doctor comes.

After a thorough examination, the doctor looks grave, and, turning to Madame, says: "This is a sad case of poisoning."

"Poison! impossible," exclaims Madame.

"Yes, poison," repeats the doctor, severely. "What has he eaten?"

"Nothing but a little soup," says Madame, "and a little wine. I took both the soup and the wine at the same time, and behold me! I am not poisoned."

Notwithstanding his mortal pain, Monsieur hears what passes between Madame and the doctor.

"Send the women out. I would speak to you alone."

The doctor conveys the message, and the two women retire. As soon as they are alone, Monsieur asks:

"Is it true, doctor? Is it?"

"Yes—poison."

"And I am dying—past all remedy?"

"Past all remedy," echoes the doctor. "Have you any idea who gave it to you? Can tell tell me anything that will bring the evil-doer to justice? Have you any suspicions? Did you poison yourself? How did it happen?"

"Yes—I know how

listen—I bought it—oh!—*Mon Dieu*—for my wife—and I put it into—Madame's basin—of soup—but—oh!—was I mad?—did I mistake?—no—no—and yet—she is well—and I am—ah!—mercy—mercy—not dying?”

“Yes—dying,” says the doctor.—“Shall I send for a confessor?”

“No—no—listen. I was weary of Madame—life was insupportable—and *Mon Dieu*—there was Marie—ten thousand devils urged me on—I was mad!—ah!—this pain—ease me—ease me!”

The confession is made amid groans of pain and horror, from which let us turn away. Rage, remorse and anguish strive for some few hours with the unhappy man's soul, tearing him mentally and bodily to pieces. The doctor remains, applying what remedies he can until the combat is ended and the wretched man is a corpse.

When all is over, the doctor, who has not suffered the women to enter the dying man's room, now goes to them and tells them he is dead, and orders the body not to be touched until his return.

Madame weeps on hearing of her husband's death. She is soled, remembering that she has always been a good wife and done her duty.

“And now he is dead! poisoned! It is terrible—frightful. But the will of God be done! Monsieur must have lost his head to take poison. He studied too much. He was not in his mind, poor man. Fifteen years they had been married—and he was a good husband!” cries Madame to the conclave's wife, who sits near condoling with her.

The authorities take possession of the corpse next day. There is an inquest, at which the doctor gives evidence of the confession made by the dying man. Madame is present as a witness and hears this evidence. It is a terrible moment, but she can explain it all.—“Ah, Messieurs—it was the spider!” And then she narrated how it happened, and her life saved by changing basins with her husband, who thus swallowed the poison he had intended for her, but she adds:—“Poor man! He was off his head—for he was always a good husband, always!” “Tens!” exclaimed one of the officers, as he leaves the house after the inquest. “What a droll affair! Madame had a near escape. *Ma foi*—saved by a spider!”—*Belgravia*.

TRYING HER SPEED.—“Stranger,” said the stage-driver, “this was how I found out her speed: I was driving alongside the railroad track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car wouldn't hold it all, but they managed to squeeze everything in except a long bar-mirror, which they tied to the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass, and thought it was another horse spurring for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam windlass. She just laid back her ears and snorted along like a twenty-inch shell.

“The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed out on the platform and began to make bets. The conductor stood up on a seat and began to pool. The engineer pulled the throttle-valve wide open, and tore along at ninety-five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cow-catcher. At San Bruno we had half a mile the lead. Near the Six-mile House the train was so much ahead of time that it fell through an open draw and everlastingly smashed up—72 killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers, but then, we distanced the train, bet yer life. About a month after I sold that mare to her present owner for \$30,000.

The Jenner means a drawn flight a loathsome disease. Jenner signifies the blood. And the coming when the name of Dr. Kennedy will be indissolubly connected in the public mind with the salvation of the blood; a deed only important than the discovery of its through the human body. This Kennedy accomplishes by means of his new medicine called “Favorite Remedy”—the pleasant and popular title of a preparation which cleanses and sweetens the river of life within our veins, as an influx of oxygen does vitiated air.—All druggists, \$1.00 a bottle.

“My experience in this life has taught me that de shan who swaps mules wid his eyes shet am sartin to git de wust of it. Brudderly feelin' gits a good ways in case of sickness or want or death, but it seldom reaches down to a boss trade. If I was buyin' a mule of a man I had knowed all my life I should begin at de hoofs an' look dat anamile ober cla'r up to de pint of his nose. I shouldn't be so tell de dat he had flied deef or putted ober any hoof.

My advice am not to lie or deceive in tradin' mules, but to answer as few questions as you kin an' seem sort of keersless whedder your offer am 'cepted or not.”—*Brother Gardner in Detroit Free Press.*

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One of the new purses is a plush jug with a handle.

Some of the celluloid artificial plants are perfumed.

Crochet buttons are preferred for black silk costumes.

Ribbed Cardigan jackets are worn under the plush basques.

The bolero is the name of a new hat of the Spanish shape.

Autumn leaf trimmings are still used on bonnets in Paris.

Ginori ware increases in favor both in New York and Boston.

Opera cloaks are made of exceedingly rich materials this year.

Dress caps of spangled illusion are worn by young married ladies.

Combs, if worn at all, are now placed low on the left side of the head.

Butterfly bows of ribbon are scattered all over the new lace muffs.

Fruit baskets filled with tufting are pretty receptacles for hairpins.

The thistle is the subject of a very good series of designs for fans.

The Japanese fashion of arranging the hair is to come next, it is said.

Silk dresses are not very dear since Lyons satin became fashionable.

A little circle of fringe is sometimes placed around ornamental buttons.

Painted silk fans for the girls and feather fans for the dowagers is the rule.

Six plaitings of different colors are used to trim some black velvet skirts.

Silver lockets with hand painted decorations are sold at very low prices.

Englishwomen think that serge makes the best of costumes for all weathers.

Gold bracelets are worn outside the sleeve above the elbow, by some women.

Roman pearls, that is to say, wax beads, are much worn with evening costumes.

High basques, with square necks and half sleeves, are liked for dinner dresses.

es.

If an editor omits anything he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish readers with jokes he is an idiot. If he does he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong he is a good fellow but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned he is a coward. If he exposes a public man he does it to gratify spite, is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the “outs.” If he indulges in personalities he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid.—*London Sporting Times.*

The December number of the *Paper World*, published at Holyoke by Mr. Clark W. Bryan has a very charming article on “Book Making in Boston,” which opens with a history of the Riverside Press, being essentially a biography of Henry O. Houghton, its remarkable founder. He began his business career as “printer's devil” in the office of the Burlington, Vt., *Free Press*. If every young printer could read and ponder this article, and indeed every young person struggling upward and forward for success, it might be an inspiration that would last for years.

An exchange makes this suggestion for business men: In all towns where a newspaper is published, every business man ought to advertise in it, even if it is nothing more than a card stating his name and the kind of business he is engaged in. It helps sustain a paper, and lets the people out at a distance know that the town is full of business men.—The paper finds its way into thousands of places where hand bills cannot reach. A card in a paper is a traveling sign board, and can be seen by every reader. Think of these things and let your light shine.

It was at the training school, and the visitor was telling the children about the Alps and astonishing himself by his own eloquence. “They are very, very high,” he said; “so high that the snow never melts upon them. They are very, very high.” “Ah,” piped up a Sunday-school prodigy, “if they are so very high, how far off Heaven must be?” And what did the visitor reply to the daer child? By bad luck, he misunderstood him, and beamed cheerfully as he answered, “Yes, they are very far off, and it takes just two weeks to get there.”

Poor Lucille Weston was afflicted by a birth-mark. She was a regular female Esau. About her waist there was a thick growth of silky brown hair, which ran up to a point in front. Where it came above the tops of her dresses it was carefully shaved, but the skin always remained blue. So Lucille wore a huge cross dangling just over that portion of her anatomy.

READ AND BE JOYFUL.

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. CARLTON,

Is having remarkable success in Re-setting Imperfect Fitting Artificial Teeth.

Teeth Filled with Gold or Silver. Decayed or Diseased Teeth, so destructive to health, can now be alleviated and totally eradicated by calling upon Dr. Carlton.

HIS PROCESS FOR MAKING ARTIFICIAL TEETH IS ENTIRELY NEW.

No waiting a week or so, but you can have them the same day the impression is taken.

Gas and ether administered. Parties from out of town can make their appointments by mail. NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING when I insert new work.

LIST OF PROFESSIONAL PRICES.

Whole Upper or Under set Gum Teeth, \$10.00

Whole Upper or Under set Gum Teeth, re-set on new plate, 6.00

One Tooth, 2.00

Two Teeth, 3.00

Three “ 4.00

Four “ 5.00

Five “ 6.00

Six “ 7.00

Over seven same as whole set.

Extracting, 25

Killing Nerve, 25

Gold Fillings from Silver “ \$1.00 to 3.00

“ “ \$1.50 to 1.50

DR. CARLTON'S,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

200 1-2 ESSEX ST., SALEM.

July 30

DENTAL NOTICE.

Those needing the services of a Dentist, will find it to their advantage to call on

DR. H. C. DOYLE,

At his office, 14 Main Street, (over B. F. Steves' store) where they may be sure of work carefully and thoroughly performed, and prices reduced to suit the times. Dr. Doyle can and will, if desired, furnish hundreds of good references from people in Peabody and vicinity.

Parties needing ARTIFICIAL TEETH, are particularly requested to call and learn prices, and see specimens of workmanship.

ALL OPERATIONS ARE WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

H. C. DOYLE,

april 16 SURGEON DENTIST.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHOEA or seminal Weakness, Involuntary Sexual Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.

Address the publishers, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.; P. O. Box, 4586.

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SOUTHWICK'S

FISH AND OYSTER MARKET,

Where you can find a good assortment of fresh Cod, Haddock and Halibut, also salt and pickled fish.

OYSTERS, CLAMS, &c.,

S. SOUTHWICK, Prop'r.

PEABODY SQUARE.

L. F. MOULTON,

DEALER IN

MEAL, FLOUR, FEED,

And Small Grain.

HAY FOR SALE.

Central Street, opp. Town Scales,

PEABODY, MASS.

Agent for Continental Food.

Goods delivered for cash at store prices.

DANIEL T. SMITH,

(Formerly JESSE SMITH.)

WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS,

Gold Chains, Gentlemen's Jewelry,

FRENCH AND AMERICAN CLOCKS,

234 Essex Street,

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KID GLOVES,

Imported Direct from Germany. TRIED ON AND FITTED AT 251 ESSEX STREET.

MISS M. E. HUTCHINSON. MISS N. P. PEABODY

THE SUN FOR 1881.

Everybody reads THE SUN. In the editions of this newspaper throughout the year to come everybody will find:

I. All the world's news, so presented that the reader will get the greatest amount of information with the least unprofitable expenditure of time and eyesight. The Sun's long ago discovered the golden mean between redundant fulness and unsatisfactory brevity.

II. Much of that sort of news which depends less upon its recognized importance than upon its interest to mankind. From morning to morning THE SUN tells a constant story of the lives of real men and women, and of their deeds, plans, loves, hates and troubles. This story is more varied and more interesting than any romance that was ever devised.

III. Good writing in every column, and freshness, originality, accuracy, and decorum in the treatment of every subject.

IV. Honest comment. THE SUN'S habit is to speak out fearlessly about men and things.

V. Equal candor in dealing with each political party, and equal readiness to commend what is praiseworthy or to rebuke what is blamable in Democrat or Republican.

VI. Absolute independence of party organizations, but unwavering loyalty to true Democratic principles. THE SUN believes that the Government which the Constitution gives us is a good one at keep. Its notion of duty is to resist to its utmost power the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. The year 1881, and the years immediately following, will probably decide this supremely important contest. THE SUN believes that the victory will be with the people as against the Kings for monopoly, the Rings for plunder, and the Rings for imperial power.

Our terms are as follows:

For the Daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$5.00 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.00 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at \$1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of THE WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address: L. W. EXCHANGE, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

dec 15

Grand Premium List

Of Gold Watches and Gold Chains, (Ladies' and Gents'), Violins, Hand Organs, Rifles, Shot Guns, etc., given as PREMIUMS for subscribers to

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THE BEST STORY PAPER IN THE U. S.

A splendid chance for any person (lady or gent.) to obtain one or more of these valuable premiums.

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Copies of the Yankee Blade and Supplement containing List of Premiums, High Goods on sale, etc. Terms of Blade \$2 per annum.

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GRAND BOULEVARD Hotel.

Corner 59th St. and Broadway,

NEW YORK.

On Both American and European Plans.

Fronting on Central Park, the Grand Boulevard, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, this Hotel occupies the entire square, and was built and furnished at an expense of over \$400,000. It is one of the most elegant as well as being the most located in the city; has a Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, and is within one square of the depot of the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Elevated R. R. cars and still nearer to the Broadway cars—convenient and accessible from all parts of the city. Room with board \$2 per day. Special rates for families and permanent guests.

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ESSEX HOUSE.

NO. 176 ESSEX STREET,

SALEM, MASS.

This old and well known House has been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished throughout, and travellers will find all the comforts of a first-class Hotel. Billiard Room, Livery and Sale Stable connected with the House.

RATE \$2.50 PER DAY.

Special Rates to Commercial Men.

DAVIS & FAY, Proprietors.

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J. J. HEYLINGBERG,

HAIR DRESSING ROOMS,

LOWELL STREET, PEABODY.

Agent for HURSELL'S SHAVING SOAPS, CAMPHOR OIL, COSMETICS, for Dressing and smoothing the hair, waxes, and all hair-dressing.

Hoping for a share of patronage, I thank the public for past favors.

Particular attention paid to cutting of ladies' and children's hair.

Razors honed, cleaned and warranted.

The Eureka Dandruff Remover will remove Dandruff, and is cooling to the head.

CHARLES SIMONDS,

LIVERY STABLE,

(HOTEL STABLE).

SAFE and Reliable Horses, and Easy Carriages for hire at all times, and on short notice, for Funerals, Weddings, Business or Pleasure Riding.

HARRY JENNINGS'

FLEA SOAP FOR DOGS &c.

GLOBE SOAP,

Best in the world for all purposes for which soap is used. Labor-saving, will not irritate the finest fabric, will not injure the hands, will act fast in colors in print, and works well in hard water.

USE THE

American Challenge Oil Polish

BLACKING,

Warranted to preserve leather and polish over all. It took the first premium at the American Institute, New York, 1870, and at the Maine State Fair, 1874.

VIOLIN & BANJO STRINGS.

WM. A. SMITH,

Hairdresser, Peabody Square.

T. E. WILSON,

MACHINIST,

Foster Street, Peabody,

Opp. Summer Street.

Piping, Repairing of Engines, Pumps, and general jobbing.

Pipe and Fittings constantly on hand.

Work and Prices Satisfactory.

GEORGE STEVENS,

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

CONFECTIONERY, &c.,

PURE CONFECTIONERY, NUTS, FIGS, DATES, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPES, PICKLES, SAUNDINES, APPLES, PEARS, &c., &c.

Choice Tobacco.

CANARY SEEDS, CUTTLE FISH, WIRE NESTS, &c.

Best Oolong and Japan Teas.

Choice Cigars and Tobacco constantly on hand.

New York Pies fresh every day.

Agent for the NAUMKEAG LAUNDRY, 215 Washington Street, Salem. All work done in a satisfactory manner at short notice.

Choice Selection of toys, fancy goods, stationery, etc.

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— BY THE —

American Rotary Horse Clipping Machine.

In the best manner by experienced workmen.

Horses called for and returned free of charge.

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The Peabody Press.

Wednesday Evening, May 21, 1884.

HOME HAPPENINGS.

The general orders to Post 50 G. A. R. in reference to Memorial Day have been issued by Commander Hildreth. The comrades are to assemble in uniform at headquarters, at 8 o'clock. The line will form at 8.30 and accompanied by the Salem Brass Band will proceed to the Square and decorate the Soldiers' Monument. They will then take horse cars and proceed to South Peabody, where they will decorate the graves at Cedar Grove and Emerson cemeteries. At noon a collation will be served in Upton's Hall, and at 2.30 P. M. the Post will proceed to the new Town Hall, where an address will be delivered by Gen. J. L. Chamberlain of Maine. At the close of the services the Post will decorate the graves at the Old Friends and Monumental cemeteries. On the Sunday previous the Post will attend services at the Episcopal church. The new grave markers designed by Frank C. Ferguson have been placed in position on the graves to be decorated by the Post.

On Thursday evening, May 29, a grand musical entertainment and dance will be given at the new Town Hall for the benefit of the Sisters of Presentation Convent, Mitchellstown, Ireland. These sisters are obliged to teach the poor without pay, and many mothers of the young men in town received their education there. The parish is so poor that only a limited amount can be spent on the convent. The different charitable Catholic societies in Peabody, Salem, Danvers and Beverly, represented by a committee of twenty, have arranged this concert. Among the talent is Charles A. Clark and the choir of St. John's church, Peabody, and Miss Gorman, organist of the Catholic church Beverly; the Glee Club from Young Men's Temperance Society, Salem; Mr. Mack, the celebrated violinist, and numerous other artists. Mrs. Brady of Haverhill, formerly Miss Nellie Boyle, is also expected to participate. It is expected to be opened with Mozart's Twelfth Mass, Gloria. Horse cars to Salem and Beverly at the close.

In Peabody there is many a despondent household now. House cleaning day is bound to come each spring to civilized people. Slovenly, shiftless housekeepers are apt to be despised. The over-scrupulous are apt to be troublesome. She who requires the men folks to take off their boots or shoes on the doorsteps, so as to spare her clean floor is a sort of domestic tyrant. At this season men and women are apt to be busy. The latter are sure to be. The former may or may not have much to do with internal improvements at home. The average husband (especially if he be a business man) will be disinclined to soil his clothes. If he be engaged in manual toil he may plead that his evenings and spare moments are, of right, his own. As a rule, the man of the house will shirk, not only his proper share of the labor, but also his share of the management.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that J. H. Riley, of Salem, is one of the best marble workers in this vicinity. Any thing in the line of tablets, shafts or stones, from an ordinary design to the most elaborate monument, can be obtained of him at the very lowest figures. He is a very agreeable and courteous gentleman, withal, and a line addressed to him will meet with prompt attention.

Rev. Dr. Steele preached to his old congregation last Sunday, at the Methodist church. It being the centennial year of Methodism he took that for his sermon and clearly defined that creed, taking for his text the words, "Go ye unto the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In the course of his remarks he said that the doctrine and belief as taught by the Salvation Army was simply Methodism.

The third annual meet and dinner of the Essex County wheelmen will occur in Salem, Friday, May 30. There will be a parade at 10 a. m., and dinner at 2 p. m. The Salem Bicycle Club, who have charge of the arrangements, will arrange for a dance in the evening, at Kinsman Hall. All amateur bicyclists of Essex County are invited to attend.

If you intend to leave the town for a vacation at Saratoga or any other resort go and see Charles P. Spencer the well-known harness maker at Essex street, Salem, and examine his fine line of Trunks, Bags, Valises, etc. You can also find a fine line of riding furnishings. Best material and low prices.

The Father Mathew C.T.A.S. over the old police station dedicated their headquarters last Friday evening. About 100 were present including ladies. Andrews Brothers' band furnished music, and singing and dancing were the attraction. Mr. Geo. H. Davis furnished a supper. Many were the good wishes and congratulations extended the society.

The case of Lawrence Cuddire was before Justice Merrill this morning. It will be remembered that a seizure was made May 3d, of 3 cases of beer which was called Berlin beer. Officer Goodwin testified that he made the seizure in company with Officer Barnabee, found about eight gallons in 3 cases containing 65 bottles. He pronounced it lager beer. On cross examination by Mr. Moulton he admitted that he had only drank two bottles of lager in his life; that was years ago. Took it for nourishment. Was advised to drink it for that. The beer was not strong enough to affect his judgment. There was a tag "Berlin Beer" pasted over the cases. He put it in the cell, and the Monday after it was taken on Saturday, it was taken to Salem and given to Mr. Palmer, the chemist of the Salem Normal School. Mr. Barnabee confirmed Mr. Goodwin's testimony, but thought the beer, if lager, was weak lager. Mr. Chase Palmer, of Salem, testified to analyzing the beer. He had been chemist for the Normal School five years. He received three samples from Goodwin May 5. He analyzed them May 6 and 7. The result was 3.3 per cent. of alcohol in one, 3.2-15 in another, and 3.11 in the third, at a temperature of 60 degrees, Fahrenheit. He was severely cross examined by Mr. Moulton, and gave at length the process of analysis; but admitted that it was a difficult matter to get correct results. He would only allow 1-20 per cent., however, for errors. An increase of 1-2 per cent. of alcohol in the beer within a few days would not surprise him. This closed the case for the government.

Mr. Cuddire was put upon the stand and testified that the beer was Berlin beer, and that he bought it of S. B. Winn. He had nothing intoxicating in his shop since May 1st. Kept ginger ale, tonic, and cigars, but no whiskey, gin, or any other liquor. Mr. Gilbert, foreman for Burkhardt, testified that the brewery which he represented were the only manufacturers of Berlin Beer; that he sold it to Mr. Winn; that it was all made the same way; that they had it analyzed every little while so that they could keep within the law. It contained 2.25 alcohol, never exceeded 2.85. An attempt was made to put in a letter from the State Assayer showing the analysis, but Mr. Crowley objected inasmuch as the analysis was not of the beer seized from Mr. Cuddire.

Mr. Moulton argued that there was no claim that any other articles were seized besides this Berlin Beer; it would not be claimed by the government that it was lager; the burden of proof was on the government to prove that it contained over 3 per cent. of alcohol. There is no doubt about the manufacture of this beer. It was not made for the sake of evading the law. It was made to go all over the state, and in good faith. The manufacturers took good care by frequent analysis, to see that the provisions of the law were carried out. He referred to the analysis of Palmer. There was a difference in the result of each bottle, and that containing the largest per cent. was only a small fraction over the limit. He thought the manner in which it was kept would increase the per cent. Palmer admitted that he could not tell if the beer that contained 2.1-2 per cent. of alcohol would not increase 1 per cent. of alcohol in a week. If he did not know, it is not for the court to judge.

Mr. Crowley said the question was whether the beer was intoxicating. Mr. Goodwin says it was lager, and if he had no accurate knowledge of what was lager beer, there was other methods of determining it. One was by analysis. Mr. Crowley said if the officers meant to put the beer where it would increase in alcohol, they would have forced it up to four per cent. It was kept with sacred accuracy. Is there any knowledge how long the beer was kept by Mr. Winn, or by Mr. Cuddire, before it was seized? Admitting that it would increase in per cent. of alcohol, the defense wants the Court to believe that it increased one per cent. after it came into the officers' hands, and during the time it was in the hands of Winn or Cuddire it did not increase. If it increased so much per cent. in so short a time what could it have been when it left the brewery? We show the beer to have contained over three per cent. of alcohol, by analysis, and that therefore it was illegally kept.

Justice Merrill decided that the testimony of the government relied upon the chemist. There had been nothing to contradict it. It contained more alcohol than the law authorized. It was for the government to prove that. How much it contained of alcohol April 1st, when it was made, was nothing in this case. It was an uncertain article, and the seller had to take the risk. He fined him \$50 and costs, from which he appealed. Mr. Winn gave bonds for his appearance in the higher court.

The estate of the late D. H. Townsend will be sold at auction Saturday of this week, at one o'clock P. M.

This is refrigerator time now!

It is being currently whispered that another of Peabody's young men will soon desert the ranks of "single blessedness," and enjoy the undisturbed pleasures that may abound in connubial felicity. Hey, Charlie.

To-morrow evening the pupils of W. J. Lefavour on the piano and violin will give a concert in Kinsman Hall, Salem. A very attractive program, to which the friends of the pupils are admitted free, will be presented.

An indictment has been presented against William Hayes, containing several counts, for his attempt upon the property of Frank E. Farham Esq., and it is thought the case will be called for trial next week, at Salem.

Our exchange is correct when it says, "The press may point with pride to the fact that no newspaper editors or reporters have suspended since the crash. Solid fortunes in the hands of careful financiers, are not affected by panics."

Herbert Foan was presented last Friday night by the ex-members of the Volunteer Engine Co., with an elegant swinging lamp. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Foan. Refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed by all.

Mr. Grosvenor has added a new soda fountain to his already attractive drug store. Mr. G. has the reputation of making the best syrups in the county; and we are sure our readers will want to test them and get a drink from his new fountain.

Some fourteen men employed at Pinder & Winchester's currying shop asked for an advance of \$1.00 a week in their pay. The firm refused to grant their request, and the men left their employ Monday morning. The men were receiving \$9.00 a week.

There will be a coffee party under the auspices of the Ladies Circle in the vestry of the Baptist church, next Thursday evening. Cups and saucers to be given as souvenirs. The entertainment of the evening will be violin playing by a young lady from Salem.

There was certainly never finer growing weather than we are having at present. The trees that not much over a week since were bare and leafless, are now crowned with verdure. The grass is growing rapidly, and the fruit trees are decked with a solid mass of bloom.

The Naumkeag Street Railway commenced this morning to run cars to the Willows, every 40 minutes during the day. Quite a number of workmen are employed there, and it is expected that a few warm days will start the travel in the direction of this popular summer resort.

Our friend Teague is ready to supply all the different kinds of the well-known Ipswich boot in cloth top, lace or congress. Gents who desire a good fitting, good wearing article, that will give satisfaction from the word "go," should consult their interests by buying a pair of these boots.

Last Friday evening Miss Mamie Lynch, fifteen years of age, daughter of Cornelius Lynch, living on Tremont street, fell over the stump of one of the trees recently cut down on Midway street, and sustained a severe sprain of the wrist. The hand was also cut. Dr. Shanahan attended her.

A number of the gang of boys who steal rides on the trains from the "know nothing" to the square, were fooling on the rear end of the train last Friday, when one of them took his companion's hat and throwing it ahead, it was run over by the train. We wonder what he told his parents.

At the regular meeting of Union Post 50 G. A. R. at their hall last Monday evening, Adjutant George O. Peirce in behalf of the Post presented commander Wm. H. Hildreth with an elegant gold watch, chain and charm. Capt. Hildreth although taken by surprise feelingly thanked his comrades for their beautiful gift.

Mr. H. A. Shorey, the well-known agent who organized the New England Relief Association and the Eastern Associates in this town, and is well known as assistant editor of the Golden Rule, under W. H. H. Murray, it is reported has by the death of a relative come into possession of \$500,000. Mr. Shorey has the congratulations of his Peabody friends.

Letters advertised May 21; Maggie Bradley, Alice Brown, Dennis Burke, John Carlton, T. F. Cullen, Daniel Cronin, Dow, Davis & Co., Michael Gregg, Mrs. S. H. Howe, C. N. Ingall, Katharine Jacobs, Mary Leger, Maggie Leane, Lizzie Mead, Mrs. Wm. McCarthy, Edward Neal, Mrs. E. P. Norris, Henry W. Putnam, Pettigalls Esq., G. Putnam, L. A. Quint.

The Gloucester Advertiser says: "The refrigerator building of J. B. Thomas has been removed to the Junction of Tremont and Prospect streets, and an addition of some fifteen feet will be made to it for office and salesroom. Land has been exchanged with Mr. Thales Curtis and others, so that a roadway of forty-three feet will be obtained. A sidewalk will be placed on one side, and the whole road will be properly fenced."

Established 1817.

J. H. Pray, Sons & Co.

Wiltons,
Brussels,
Moquettes,
Axminsters,
Saxony Rugs,
Art Ingrains,
China Mattings,
Woodstock Squares.

And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Mattings, or Oriental Rugs, for sale at

REASONABLE PRICES.

558 560 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON.

FRENCH MILLINERY.
Pompons,
Feathers,
PLUMES,
FINE FRENCH FLOWERS,
VELVETS, SATINS, ETC.

Straw Hats and Bonnets,
TRIMMING.

We have on hand a nice line of trimmed Hats, made up in the choicest styles, so that our patrons may avoid the vexations and annoyance of leaving orders with their milliners. You can just see how it looks, so as to be sure of being satisfied, and also save at least twenty-five per cent.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

FROGS.
Silver, Bronze and Steel Frogs; Black Silk and Beaded Frogs, and Buttons.

Fine Gimps and Braid.
BUTTONS.

More styles, better selection, and lower prices than any other house in the city.

CLOCKS.
Seth Thomas' Clocks; "Nutmeg," alarm; "Nutmeg," lever; "Echo," with and without alarm; "Echo," Calendar; "Elk," "Joker," "Mikado," "Artist," etc. A nice line of this celebrated make of Clocks.

JEWELRY.
Jet Bracelets, Pins and Chains; Jet and Gold Jewelry; Gold Pins, Gold Rings, Bracelets, Chains, Charms, Lockets, Ear Jewels, etc.

Wedding Silver
AND
Silver Plated Wares,
in variety.

VASES
In all sizes and prices, from 5 cents up to \$5 each. A suitable and useful wedding present.

Parasols,
Sun Umbrellas,
Coaching Shades, etc.

PEABODY'S.

WE ARE ON TO THE
CRASHY PRICES.

10 Cents a Roll for 15 cent Papers.
12 1-2 cents a Roll for 20 cent Papers.

MERRILL & MACKINTIRE,

Wall papers a Specialty.

220 ESSEX STREET.

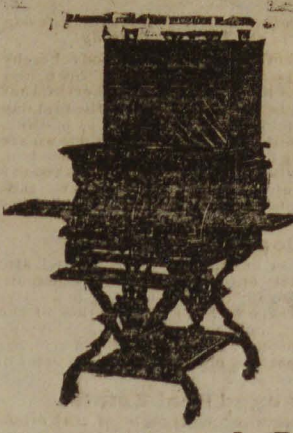
\$50. REWARD.

The undersigned will pay the above amount upon the conviction of the parties who stole leather from their premises Saturday night, April 19.

NELSON & MERRILL.

april 23-4t

Oil Stoves.



Oil Stoves.
THE THREE LEADERS.
TUBULAR, ADAMS & WESTLAKE, &
RICHMOND.

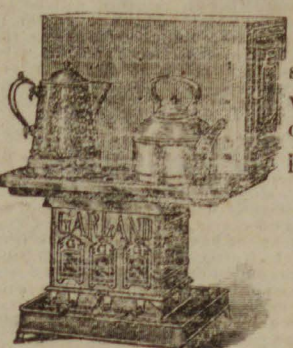
We will not be undersold. No need to go to Salem. Every stove warranted.

Also a full line of
Eddy Refrigerators,
at bottom prices.

CASKIN BROS.

13 LOWELL STREET,
PEABODY.

GARLAND OIL STOVE.

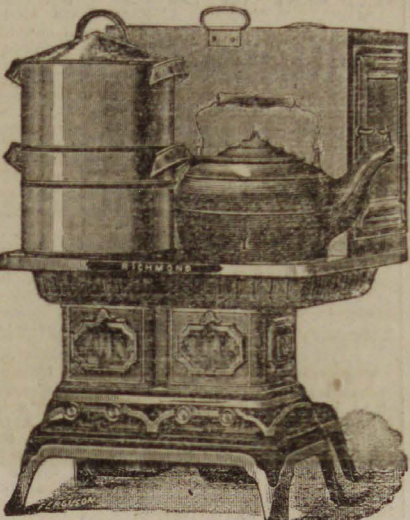


Even baking guaranteed. Double oven specially constructed to that end. No. 3 size will bake four pies at one time, while two holes of the extension top can be used for other purposes.

The well known
ADAMS & WESTLAKE STOVES
selling at 25 per cent. discount.

F. B. STEVENS,
75 Market Street, Lynn, Mass.

FACTS IN REGARD TO OIL STOVES.



We claim to have the largest variety of Oil Stoves to be found in any One Store in Massachusetts.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

Tubular Hot Blast, Economist, Richmond, Diamond, Monitor, Iron Clad, Summer Queen, Union, Brilliant, Ruby, Adams & Westlake, Florence, & Co. & Co.

Oil Stoves in operation daily.
Wicks for all patterns of Oil Stoves.
Oil Stoves Repaired,
Wick Trimmers, etc.

We have the best Stoves and best variety. Don't forget it.
Store closes at 6 P. M., except Saturdays, until Sept. 1st.

AT THE OLD STAND.
[Established 1820.]

FIFIELD & PAGE,

Successors to Frothingham & Fifield.

27 and 29 Front, cor. Washington St., Salem.

W. B. Gifford & Co.

Grand Opening of Sun Shades.

Our elegant line of Sun Shades is now replete with Bargains in all the seasonable novelties. Our stock consists of

Plain Black Satin Shades

in the various sizes. Also a fine assortment trimmed with Lace, Black Gros Grain and Ottoman Silk Shades in endless variety.

COACHING SHADES

in Black and Colors in Silk and Satin in all the various styles of Natural Stick Handles and numerous fancy devices.

We beg leave to call special attention to our delicate Cream Satin Shades with pale pink and blue linings. Also our Iridescent lined Goods.

CHILDREN'S PARASOLS

in all makes, both in Satin and Silk.

W. B. Gifford & Co.,

77 and 79 MARKET STREET,
LYNN, MASS.

TOMATO & STRAWBERRY PLANTS,

Fine varieties, fine condition:

LATE CABBAGE & CELERY PLANTS,

in their season.

General assortment of Flowering Plants,

LONE FLOWERS & FLORAL DESIGNS

to order, by

E. & C. WOODMAN,

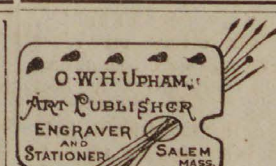
Florist and Growers of Gardener's Supplies

DANVERS, MASS.

Greenhouses, Holten street, Tapleville.

TO LET.

Two tenements on Park street. Inquire of LEWIS or ARTHUR BELLIO.



SUNDAY
SCHOOL
CARDS.

GOLDEN
GRAIN.

BIBLE HEARTSEASE

— AND —

BIBLE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Also Birthday Cards.

At the store or

O. W. H. UPHAM,

Who has been made Sole Agent in Salem for the

LEATHEROID UMBRELLA
STAND FOR DECORATION,
THE KEYSTONE PENS, and
WRITING PAPER PACKETS.

— AND THE —
HARVARD FOUNTAIN PEN.
Also on hand, a new supply of
THE CROSS PENCILS and STYLO-
GRAPHIC PENS.

And a well chosen Stock of
ELEGANT STATIONERY,
AS WELL AS

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
267 ESSEX STREET,
SALEM.

Eddy's Refrigerators

THE BEST.

Upright, Globe and Chest, all sizes,

— AT —

GOULDING'S.

Baby Carriages,

Fifteen styles. We will sell as low as anybody.

C. H. GOULDING

WALNUT STREET.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Our extensive preparations for the Spring Season embrace so much that is new and choice, and include so many NOTICEABLE BARGAINS, that we have decided to set them forth in order in the "press." It may be said, we have done this a 1000 times before. So we have, and a 1000 times the public has generously supported our efforts to sustain in Salem a great business enterprise. We have found a judicious and liberal use of printer's ink a good investment. We intend to keep our business before the people, and as in the present instance, we hope always to have SOMETHING NEW and interesting to say.

ALMY, BIGELOW & WEBBER.

Brussels Carpets.

NEW AND ELEGANT PATTERNS

Private to us in Salem. Also a line of Samples, English, Brussels and Wiltons.

BARGAINS.

Best quality 5 Frame Brussels Carpets,
At \$1.00.

Hartford 5 Frame Brussels, with Borders.
At \$1.15.

A great variety of Hartford Brussels, best quality, with Borders,
At \$1.25.

EXTRA SUPER FINE AND 3 PLY.

CARPETS.

NEARLY 200 STYLES.

LOWELL EXTRAS, direct from the Mill.
HARTFORD EXTRAS.

REED'S KIDDERMINSTERS.
McCULLUM, CREASE & SLOAN'S KID-
DERMINSTERS.

Specialties in all the above makes at low prices.

Medium Super and Cotton Chain Carpets,
from 25 cents up.

CANTON STRAW MATTINGS.

It is well known that we are the largest operators in Straw Mattings in New England outside of the whole-sale dealers—our business last season exceeding 1000 rolls. We buy direct of the importers, and take advantage of every opportunity to get low prices. Our receipts already this Spring are almost 500 rolls—new styles.

Seamless Mattings—plain and fancy.

Fancy Mattings as low as 12 1-2c.

A great variety of Plain and Fancy Matting at remarkably low prices. A discount is made by the roll or quantity, except on the Fancy at 12 1-2c.

ALMY, BIGELOW
& WEBBER.

1, 2 and 3 West Block,

SALEM.

ALMY, BIGELOW & WEBBER.

1, 2 and 3 West Block,

SALEM.

BEADED LACES,

BEADED FRONTS,

BEADED CROWNS.

All Colors in DRESS SATINS,

50 cents yard.

Double width DRESS FLANNELS,

50 cents a yard.

12-4 BLANKETS, from the Willowdale Mills, at \$5.00 a pair. Real

value, \$5.50.

— AT —

FRANK COUSINS' BEE-HIVE,

170, 172, & 174 Essex St., corner

St. Peter Street, Salem.

